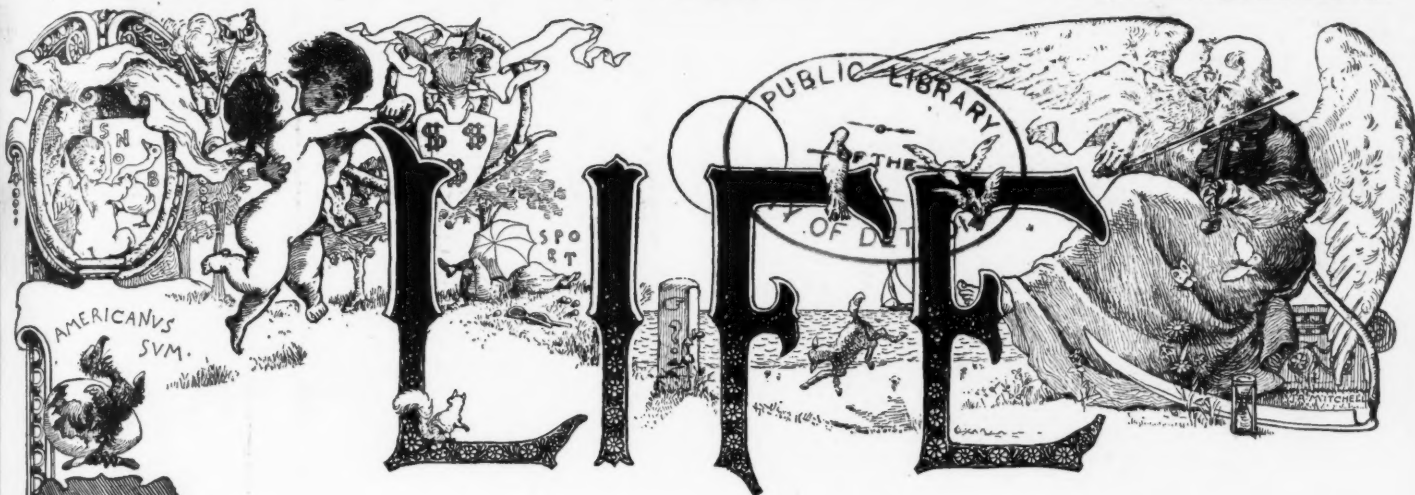


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The Minister (suspiciously): JOHN, HAVE YOU BEEN ON A SPREE?  
John: NOT YET, SORR.



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No finer place can be found than the Adirondacks in September.

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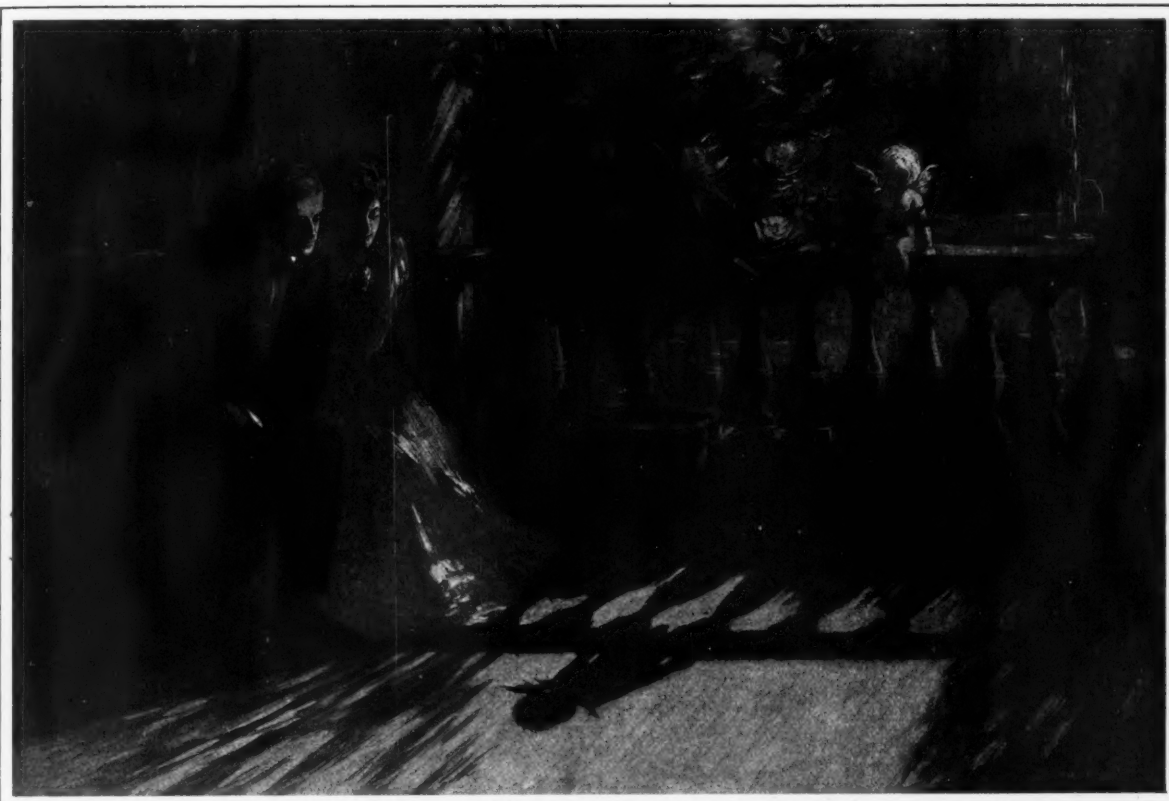
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# LIFE



FOREWARNED

## The Chorus Girl

**T**HE chorus girl, hitherto known only behind the footlights, is now beginning to attract attention off the stage. Chorus girls are found in all parts of the intemperate regions as far west as Omaha, as far east as Williamsburg and as far south as Fourteenth Street. They range in height from four to seven feet and in depth according to your resources.

They are animal, vegetable and mineral, and when analyzed assay about four pounds of brass to the ton.

Chorus girls subsist on all kinds of foods, drinks, chappies and angels. When not employed they often move in the best society.

The age of the chorus girl varies from 14 to 114.

The origin of the chorus girl is lost in obscurity, but she is supposed to have come from Kentucky via the Boston Back Bay.

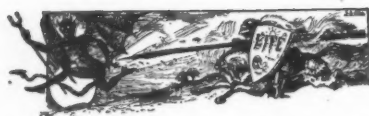
## One at a Time

**W**OMEN do not mass as well as men do. They lose by aggregation. A street-car full of women makes walking seem attractive. A regiment of men is pleasing. A regiment of women would be disturbing. So there are some flowers that, although individually charming, do not bunch well. Taken in large groups, women are objectionable. It is as individuals or in small squads that they are so incomparably interesting.

AUGUST  
VIRGO







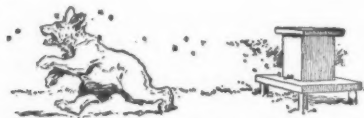
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. AUGUST 9, 1906. No. 1241.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



**N**OBODY makes objection to the plan of the Harvard and Cambridge crews to row a race in England some time in September. The young gentlemen think it will be fun, and the rest of mankind is agreeable. Both crews are pretty good, and there will be a good deal of curiosity to learn which is the better and why. The Harvard men are an exceptionally able-bodied lot, but whether they row the best stroke possible is matter for discussion, and on that subject light is likely to be shed by their encounter with the Cambridge crew.

Football has apparently ceased to be a sport in which college men engage for mere pleasure. They go into it nowadays from motives of ambition or from a sense of obligation, or because they see a profit in it. Baseball ought to be a cheerful and amusing sport, and in a measure it is, but its manners have been corrupted, and the tendency to rowdy expedients even in the college games has been much criticized, and with justice. So of all the leading college sports, there is none so sound in spirit and so fit to be encouraged as rowing, and if the trip of the Harvard oarsmen stimulates the interest in rowing at Harvard, that university will be a gainer.



**I**T IS to hold one's breath over Russia, except that her disease is going to run so long a course that it is more convenient for us who watch it to keep on breathing. Old times at this writing are resumed there, the Duma being discharged and the familiar apparatus of repression in

full operation. The condition of all Russia, so far as heard from, is now such that any prudent person if offered the choice of Russia or Chicago as a place of residence for his family, would be constrained for the time being to choose Chicago. The eventual salvation of Russia is likely to come through the Duma. It certainly cannot come through absolutism and reaction. Accordingly, the discharge of the Duma has seemed to all the world an act of calamitous import, certain to postpone the reorganization of Russia's governmental forces and likely to bring on revolution. That still seems a well-founded opinion, and the world's attitude toward Russia is still that of one who waits to hear something drop.

The Czar proposes that in February the Duma shall reconvene, but what the Czar proposes or promises goes for very little now. The facts that count are that the Czar's Government can borrow no more money without the backing of the Duma, and that without the power to borrow money the Czar's Government cannot go on. The army is the sole force on which the Czar can count, and the army has views of its own and is no longer a tool to be trusted. The end is pretty clear: there will be constitutional government, but what will happen meanwhile is beyond guessing.



**I**T IS going on four months since San Francisco was burned up, and the city is not yet rebuilt. Worse than that, the work of reconstruction does not seem to be making all the progress that it should. Advices from there are rather despondent. The great relief fund has brought after it some inevitable mischiefs, and there have been heartburnings, complaints and recriminations about what has been and is to be done with it. The insurance money is slow in coming in and that is a cause of delay. It will be recalled that San Francisco was pretty much owned by the labor unions. Some of them, but not all, are credited with a consistent disposition to control what is left of it and with holding back the work of rebuilding. Furthermore, a certain proportion of the refugees like to be maintained at the public cost, and, finding good

enjoyment of life on the existing basis, are not exerting themselves to become self-supporting again. Altogether, the return of San Francisco from chaos to order and beauty is not going to be accomplished overnight nor, apparently, without some pretty sore trials. It will be accomplished eventually, however, and all the better in the end for the present delay.



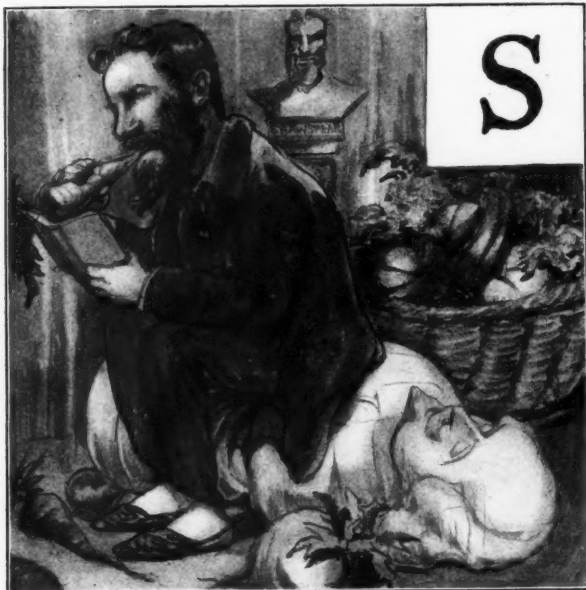
**I**T IS generally conceded that, so far as known, the late Russell Sage had fairly good enjoyment of life. He did the thing he liked best to do most of his days, his choice of an occupation being to accumulate money. It is not much of an occupation for a lifetime, but it was the one to which Mr. Sage had trained himself, and he was pretty good at it. He did not have nearly as much fun as St. Francis of Assisi, whose specialty was the acquisition of poverty, but, as compared with other men who choose riches, Mr. Sage must be considered to have been more than commonly successful. No large emotion ever inflated any part of him, so far as is known. His aspirations were perfectly restricted; he had no ambitions worth talking about, no imagination worth considering, no affection that ever incommoded him, and only one passion with a temperature higher than forty-five degrees. That he had as much fun as an average horse is unlikely, but he probably did have as much fun as a prosperous turnip.

That is a great deal of fun for such a cold-blooded old skinflint to have had. He would not have achieved it if he had not had nearly all the turnip virtues. He was sober, industrious and of regular habits, devoted to the simple life and very good at his job, and he never wasted anything. Of course, he had brains, good ones, and a turnip has none. That was the main difference. Whether he did good or harm in the world we don't know. Maybe it is a useful service to accumulate capital, just as it is useful for a turnip to accumulate vegetable fiber. If he was as harmless as a turnip it is greatly to his credit. At any rate his fortune is very big and there is no charge that he got any of it unlawfully.

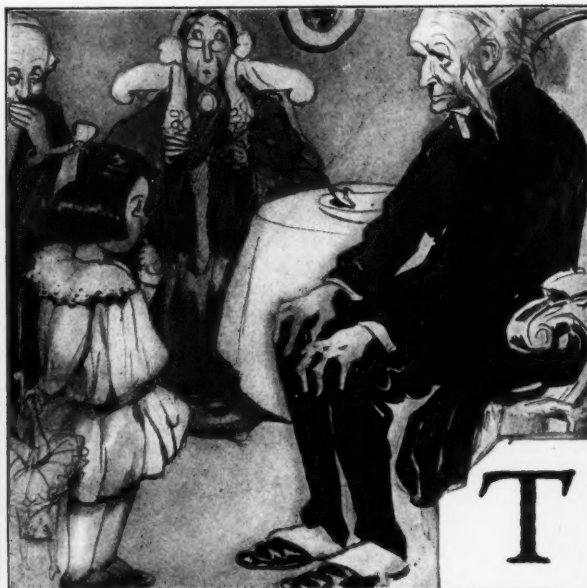


# AN ALPHABET OF BORES

By OLIVER HERFORD



**S** IS a Socialist rude,  
Who subsists on leguminous food,  
Which he shyly explains  
So enlarges his brains  
Even Shakespeare beside Him is crude.



**T** IS the Terrible Tot,  
Who says things he'd much better not;  
A Thing of that age  
Should be kept in a cage  
And fed (if at all) through a slot.

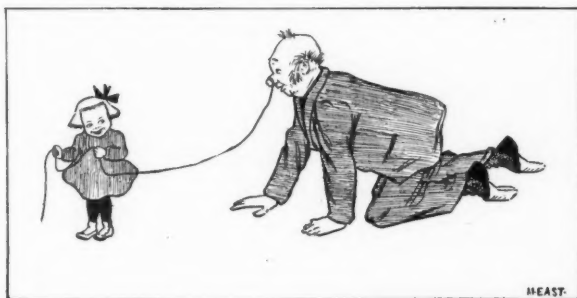
## A Species

"**M**RS. KWIVVERY is one of those anticipatory people, and I simply can't carry on a conversation with her without getting so nervous I feel as though I should fly to pieces," says the lady with the jade brooch.

"Anticipatory?" asks the lady without any long gloves.

"How is that?"

"She listens faster than you talk to her."



"DRAWN BY A CHILD OF THREE"

## Politics for Writers

**T**HERE is a pleasant audacity about Winston Churchill's candidacy for governor of New Hampshire. His last story ought to be a good vote-getter. It is the kind of story that makes aged people feel younger; the kind that only a writer who is still young can write. It is said with scorn that the country is in danger of being ruled by magazine writers and authors of story books. Never mind, let us not repine. It is not new for writers to be political. Disraeli wrote novels, and even Upton Sinclair has not yet influenced the destinies of our country as much as Mrs. Stowe did. As between persons who join politics to literature and persons who join it to money-making, it is not a foregone conclusion that the money-makers are to be preferred. But novel-writing and politics are both fairly jealous industries and are not often successfully pursued at the same time. A book when one's party is out is possible and a whirl in politics when one's book is out, but not book-making and political activity in the same season.

**I** CARE not who fights the battles of my country so long as I furnish the canned meats.



AT LIFE'S FARM  
ROLLING DOWN THE HILL

### Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged.....	\$2,314 80
Du Bois, Pa. ....	5 00
In Memory of Herbert.....	25 00
Henry H. Taylor.....	5 00
W. G. Puddefoot.....	3 00
Robin and Jehane.....	5 00
Nellie Barbour, Kansas City.....	6 00
Thomas W. Lockwood, Jr.....	5 00
To, maybe, diminish the necessity for divorce in the next generation.....	25 00
Mrs. Jane Fanny Wells.....	10 00
Buster and Tige.....	3 00
Contributed by four little girls, Marion, Mary, Anna and Charlotte—the pro- ceeds of a little sale held for the purpose	2 35
Lloyd, Jack and Lady Betty.....	5 15
Bessie E. Denham.....	6 00
Mrs. A. L. Northrop.....	10 00
T. and M. ....	12 00
Dorothy.....	13 50
E. M. S. ....	10 00
Starting Even.....	10 11
Three Little Cousins.....	3 00
Cash.....	5 00
Henry, Sarah, John, Percival and Paul Carter.....	4 50
G. L. B. ....	3 00
Prescott and Benjamin Willis Childs, 2d..	3 00
In Memory of Philip A. Crapo.....	50 00
Total.....	\$2,544 41

### Postals from Life's Farm

DEAR MOTHER we are all well and please let me know how are uses. Dear Mother fannie is a good girl all so Maggie. we are all happy, and if you please take us some money and the place is LIFE'S FARM Branchville, conn. Millie gives you a good regods. so does maggie and fannie. I have nothing to tell you well goodby.

July 18, 1906.

DEAR MAMA: I arrived safe and Sound in Connecuit at 7 Oclock Tuesday Evening. I lost my hat coming the wind blew so hard and the Conductor would not stop the cars to get my hat. Your loving Son ELMER.

DEAR MAMA: We got here safe last night about Haspast 8. I am im joing myself and hope you are to. I am not homesick yet Ha Ha Ha Ha. Right and lct me no how all is and the Bride and Willie tomorrow. Your livin daychter.

DEAR MAMA: We arrived safe. We got there at 7 oclock. And I liked it very much. Anna is good to me. We get plenty of eating. When we come home you must break in the doors, because we might be so fat. Give Mrs. Barr Best regards and xxx all. God By Mama Dear. XXXXXXXX

AGNES.

ENTHUSIASM is never misplaced except in a bore.

"WHAT is a finishing school?"  
"It is a place where girls who have any lingering respect for their parents go to have it removed."



"KIND AND GENTLE IN ALL HARNESS AND TRAVEL  
WELL TOGETHER"

## A Lesson in Finance

By WALLACE IRWIN



COL. PETER GREEN sat at his desk in the local offices of the Vulnerable Insurance Company at Cornerstone. The Colonel's commanding bulk, as he dictated in a husky staccato to the stenographer at his elbow, suggested a body of conceit wholly surrounded by fat. He prided himself on his finesse, his business strategy, his ability to overstep a point of ethics in order to compass a point of advantage. He likened himself to Napoleon; but the managers, clerks and office boys who danced the carpet at his bidding were more apt to compare him with Nero.

A confidential clerk entered with a card.

"Thomas Devinney, Jr., representing the Patriotic Art Co.," read the Colonel with something between a whistle and a snort. "Representing the"—He turned suddenly to the clerk, who backed away apologetically. "Is that young—rascal outside?"

"Yes, sir, I think so, sir," responded the clerk, stroking feeble side-whiskers above a pale cheek.

"Think so, do you? Send him in!"

A tall young man closed the door carefully behind him, removed his pearl-grey, flat-crowned hat and stood waiting. The magnate continued sorting over the letters on his desk, not looking up. His stenographer, who sat patiently waiting with tab on knee, regarded the youth with pitying interest. He was twenty and good looking, clad in a suit of loose-fitting tweeds whose just-out-of-college cut added pathos to his pose of careful unconcern.

Col. Green continued to present a broad back and bulging neck. The youth shifted from one polished shoe to the other.

"Well!" finally thundered from the unmoving bulk, "what do you want there? What?"

The young man opened a portfolio, disclosing several colored portraits of General U. S. Grant. These he presented, thrusting the pile close under the nose of the preoccupied Colonel. His speech suggested a recitation well learned and oft repeated.

"I am representing the Patriotic Art Company, sir, and having in mind your well-known admiration for our greatest General; knowing, in fact, your sentiments as a veteran of the Civil War, as well as an art connoisseur, I"—

"Hold on!" roared the Colonel, looking suddenly up. "I don't know you, young man, but I knew your father, and I think it's a pretty business for a son of Tom Devinney to be hawking chromos around insurance offices."

"Perhaps you have a better position to offer me, Colonel Green," suggested young Devinney with the impudence of a runner who has gained his second wind.

The elderly man ignored the hint. "I knew your father—liked him, too, although I don't think he had enough business sense to gum envelopes. What he called his 'sense of honor' was what ailed him. Went under, of course, as any man's bound to do who don't play the game. Cut throat or be cut, young man, that's what you've got to learn. So you're selling pictures, hey? What got you into that?"

"Well, you see, when I got out of college they offered me a

job with this patriotic picture proposition. I thought they'd offer me the presidency and give me a chance to start at the top and work downward. But there wasn't any vacancy at the top—there's always room at the bottom."

"Hum!" said Col. Green, pursing his fat lips. "So you think you'll make a business man. Sit down there and show me how you'll go at it to sell me a picture."

The youth resumed his recitation, beginning at the beginning.

"I am representing the Patriotic Art Com"—

"Stop!" commanded the Colonel, upholding the hand of authority. "You have said that before."

"Well knowing your local reputation as an art connoisseur"—

"What are you going over the same ground for? Give us something new."

"Beautifully tinted by the famous zinco-ceramic process, only one hundred copies having been struck off and the plates subsequently destroyed."

"Now, look here, young man," growled the magnate, "that sort of talk will go in the village post-office, but it won't go in the realm of modern business. Because you're Tom Devinney's son, I'll volunteer one thing. If I'd spent my time trying to persuade people to take my goods I'd never have reached this chair. No, sir. You've got to make people take 'em. Make 'em buy when they don't know it—give 'em chloroform—choke it down 'em while they're asleep. You won't do, sir. You don't know how to make me buy your pictures. You can't bunco me into taking 'em while I'm not looking. You won't do—good day!"

"But, Colonel Green!"

"Don't waste any more of my time! Good day, I said."

The young man withdrew and stood in front of the Vulnerable Insurance Building.

"I don't know how to make you take my pictures, hey? I can't bunco you into taking 'em while you're not looking, can't I? All right, just watch me," he said as he swung on a front seat of a trolley car marked "Fairview Heights."

Colonel Green's new mansion stood on the summit of that commanding knoll, to the real estate enthusiast known as "Beautiful Fairview." The house, a boastful creation of stone, adorned with ornate pillars and nondescript windows, stared haughtily like an ugly woman wearing a bright and hideous bonnet.

Up the new-washed concrete walk Thomas Devinney, Jr., marched boldly, his budget of portraits swung defiantly in view. He presented his card and waited amidst the gilt and upholstered wonders of the drawing-room.

"High art and frenzied finance," thought Tommy; "a portrait of U. S. Grant ought to give the finishing touch."

Mrs. Peter Green, the meek and colorless complement of the Colonel, entered.

"I noticed by your card," she said, "that you have the same name—are you the son of Judge Thomas Devinney whom Colonel Green used to know so well?"

"Yes," said the young man, "and I have often heard my



father speak of Colonel Green. But to tell you the truth, Mrs. Green, I have come here on a matter of business"—

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady, noting for the first time the bundle which he held.

"You see, I was showing Colonel Green these portraits of General Grant. He liked them very much, and asked me if I would deliver one to you, as he wouldn't be home to luncheon."

Mrs. Green looked pleased. Her husband hadn't been entirely affable during the past week. To-morrow was her birthday. "Very thoughtful of Peter," she meditated.

Young Devinney selected a portrait from his budget and handed it to her.

"The Colonel forgot the—er—payment." He hesitated. "I suppose he will send his check to my—er—office?"

"Oh, pardon me," said the lady. "It was just like Peter to forget. What is the price?"

"Seven dollars," said Mr. Devinney with commercial brevity, and a moment later was bowing himself out.

"Looks like a bright, honest young man," said Mrs. Green as she watched him walking down the curb, folding her green-backs as he walked.

\* \* \*

At the Cornerstone station stood a tall young man in tweeds. An eastbound train was due in four minutes.

"I say," said the young man, approaching the station agent, "do you happen to know Col. Peter Green?"

"Colonel Peter Green? I certainly do. He comes down to the train in his automobile most every day."

"Well, I came down all the way from Cincinnati to-day to leave him one of these portraits which he ordered, but I couldn't find him in his office. I've got to leave on this train to deliver some important orders along the line. Too bad! Awfully sorry the Colonel couldn't get his picture."

Now the Colonel was a director of the railroad and the station agent was ambitious.

"You might leave the picture with me," eagerly suggested he.

"Much obliged, but I'm afraid I can't. There is seven dollars due on it, you know."

"Well, I guess the Colonel's good for it," said the man. "I'll advance the money to you and collect from the Colonel when he comes."

\* \* \*

At four o'clock the ponderous Colonel in his ponderous machine drove up to the mansion on the Heights. Mrs. Green, all smiles, was waiting for him in the hall.

"Thank you ever so much, Peter," she said. "The young man delivered the picture. It was beautiful."

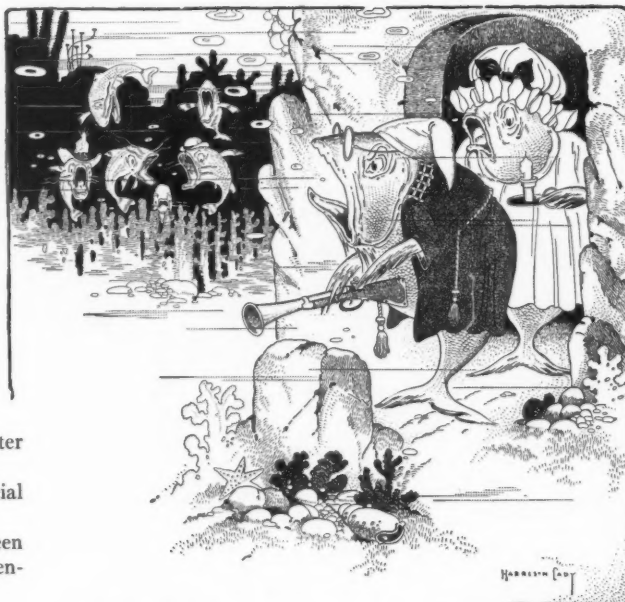
"What young man? What picture?" demanded the Colonel.

"Why, the picture of General U. S. Grant which you sent up from the office."

"U. S. Grant! Do you mean to say that you took one of those idiotic"—

"Don't worry, dear," said Mrs. Green, soothingly. "I paid for it myself."

"Paid for it!" thundered the outraged Nero. "Well, of all the feather-brained, lack-witted transactions outside a woman's club"— But the balance of the Colonel's thunder



Old Mr. Halibu: WE'LL SURELY HAVE TO GET A DOGFISH FOR OUR BACK YARD, HEPSY. THE WAY THOSE CATFISH CARRY ON NIGHTS IS SOMETHING FEARFUL.

rumbled down the cement walk where he was puffing for his automobile.

Through the tranquil streets of Cornerstone the Colonel's motor-car shot like an obese skyrocket, the Colonel's only thought being to head off the rascally Devinney ere he should escape on the evening flyer.

But the evening flyer had just pulled out from the station as the Colonel pulled in. The station-master stood on the depot platform smiling as one smiles who is secure in his good deeds.

"Brown," wheezed the Colonel, half-tumbling from his car, "have you seen anything of a tall young fellow in a light suit, pearl-grey hat, portfolio under his arm?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Brown, hat in hand, "he just left in that train—but I've got the picture for you, sir."

The Colonel seemed to swell to twice his bulk.

"Picture!" he shrieked, bringing his cane down on the sidewalk, "picture!"

"Yes, sir," said Brown calmly. "He left it for you, sir, and as it wasn't paid for, I advanced him seven dollars on it, sir, knowing that the money was as good as in the bank, sir."

With only a sputter for reply the Colonel returned to his machine and fell back among the cushions in the tonneau.

"If my influence with the railroad is worth anything, I'll pay you for this!" he called back at the station-master as the red engine puffed down the street.

In front of the City Hotel the Colonel's chauffeur slowed down to let a dray pass. Clarence McDougal, the clerk, ran out of the side door and hailed the Colonel.

"I thought I'd let you know, Colonel, that he'd been here," said Clarence, "and I've got it all right."

"Oh, I suppose you have," sneered the Colonel.

"Yes, he left it before catching his train."

"You mean?"

"I mean the picture—the picture of U. S. Grant."

"Why don't you go ahead?" groaned the Colonel to his chauffeur, as he fell back and raised his hands to the unsympathetic heavens.

\* \* \*

It was nearly a month later when the Colonel stood in his library gazing darkly at three framed portraits of General U. S. Grant which leaned against the wall near the mantelpiece.

"I've had something to tell you all day," said Mrs. Green, as she entered timidly. "But I thought I'd wait till after dinner when you might be feeling—better."

"Is it something about that rascal, Devinney?" asked the Colonel, swelling from neck to brow.

"Yes—no," said his wife. "I've received a letter from Maud."

Maud, their youngest daughter, was at a fashionable boarding school in town.

Mrs. Green, with trembling fingers, unfolded a slip of blue paper and read:

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER: I'm sure you won't approve of him, but I've just met my fate in the *dearest* boy and a son of father's old friend, Thomas Devinney—

A snort from the Colonel.

Although we're not allowed to see young men here very often, it was love at first sight, and we feel that we *just can't live* without each other. He has not been long out of college and has been filling a very obscure position,



STRANGE

"I AM AFRAID YOU DON'T LOVE ME VERY MUCH, MONKEY, DEAR."

"WHY DO YOU SAY THAT, DARLING?"

"YOU HAVE NEVER YET ASKED ME TO SIT ON YOUR LAP."



She: THAT'S ALL VERY PRETTY, JACK, BUT DO YOU THINK WE CAN LIVE ON LOVE AND KISSES?

He: IT'S MUCH THE SAFEST—EVERYTHING ELSE IS EITHER ADULTERATED OR POISONED OR TAINTED!

as a start, with the Patriotic Art Company, but he has been doing so well for them that the firm has offered to promote him, with a salary of \$3,000 a year. I am sure you will both love Tommy when you see him—

A snort.

And you must, *you must* consent to our marriage.

Lovingly,

MAUD.

P.S.—We were married yesterday.

M.

The Colonel's eyes rested grimly on the tinted likeness of Gettysburg's hero.

"Mr. Devinney seemed like an honest, straightforward young fellow, and I'm sure he'll make an excellent business man," ventured Mrs. Green.

"He's already a great deal better business man than I am, madam!" snapped the Colonel.

"Don't you think we might forgive them, then, and send them a wedding present?"

"Certainly, certainly!" said the Colonel, with a compromise between a smile and a scowl. "Send them these three portraits of U. S. Grant."

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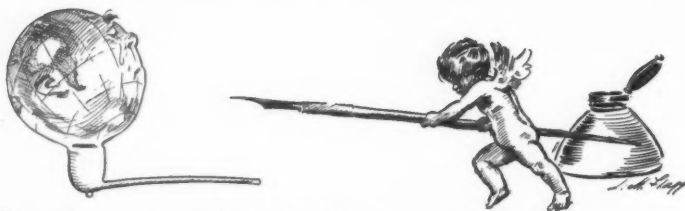


LOVE LIG THE LOA





LIFE THE LOAD



## This Bubble World

THAT man who was fined \$100 for kissing a Baltimore girl's hand will get mighty little sympathy.—*Indianapolis News*.

If it had been a Chicago girl's hand he'd have got more for his money.

The hangman at Odessa has struck, demanding that his yearly salary of \$50 be doubled.—*Baltimore American*.

The longer that strike lasts the better it will please the condemned men in the Odessa jail.



France may restore Dreyfus to his rank and honors, but she cannot give him back the twelve years of his unspeakable agony of mind and body.—*Washington Star*.

The chances are he doesn't want it.

A Chicago judge says that in 99 cases out of 100 the husband is wrong.—*Washington Post*.

Is it a fair inference that in Chicago the women vote for the judges?

In Emile Bard's "The Chinese at Home" the author tells of the system of municipal graft prevalent in Peking.—*Mexican Herald*.

We don't really need any imported information on that subject.

A diamond was recently found in a stork's nest.—*Baltimore American*.  
Another argument against race-suicide.

### II

Rev. Sam Jones says, "We need Bryan in our business."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The gas business, presumably.

Ballooning is becoming sufficiently fatal to justify the prediction that it may soon become a fad.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

And then the poor pedestrians' only safety will be to burrow.



Beatrice Fairfax says "love is woman's long suit."—*Houston Post*.

Love may be her long suit, but man's her suitor, especially if he happens to suit her.

Mr. Carnegie's latest plan is to merge England, Canada and the United States in one grand nation.—*Lowell Courier*.

Which suggests that Mr. Carnegie is getting a bit tiresome.

A Kansas man killed himself drinking circus lemonade.—*Houston Post*.

Respectfully referred to the W. C. T. U. as an awful example.

Senator Brackett appears to be the only man in the field who has any delegates to the Republican State Convention nailed down.—*Rochester Democrat*.

As a peanut politician Senator Brackett is a grand success, but New York State doesn't really need a peanut for governor.

The Pan-American Railroad has been completed as far as Pijijiapan.—*Philadelphia Press*.

How does a stuttering citizen of Pijijiapan tell any one where he lives?

A Maryland farmer has enlisted the hens to aid the village church, members contributing to it all eggs their chickens lay on Sunday.—*Cleveland Press*.

No truly Christian hen would assist in such a Sabbath-breaking project.

"The free silver question is not settled," says Mr. Bryan; "it is only removed as an issue, for the present."—*Rochester Post*.

That "for the present" sounds mighty ominous.

A Texas girl was bitten by a rattlesnake in a Pullman car berth.—*Washington Star*.

She should have stuck to the Texas kind. Pullman car whisky is dangerous.

New York has confiscated seventy-eight fraudulent ice scales.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Perhaps some day the inspectors will get around to the antiquated pair of scales used in New York by Justice.



Mr. Humsum Young: MISS BUZZFUZZ SEEMS TO BE DOING A LOT OF TOAD-BACK RIDING THESE DAYS.

Miss Fuzzing: YES, SHE IS RECOVERING FROM NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND HER PHYSICIAN HAS TOLD HER THAT HOPS ARE QUIETING TO THE NERVES.

## THE LUXURY OF FOOD

MR. PENDLETON sat down to his dinner with a sigh of satisfaction. It had been a hard day and he was in need of physical sustenance.

Yet, as he glanced about the table, a feeling of vague uneasiness swept over him.

"I thought we were not going to use baker's bread any more, Mary," he said, somewhat testily. "You know we agreed after reading that advertisement the other day in the *Monthly Magazine* that we would have the girl bake at home after this."

"Her bread wasn't very good this week, dear, so I sent over to the bakery for a loaf."

"Well, soggy bread made out of white flour is ruinous to the digestion," replied Mr. Pendleton. "I know it because that advertisement said so."

Mrs. Pendleton made no reply. She was busy dishing some sliced tomatoes. Mr. Pendleton glanced at the delicious crimson slices somewhat skeptically.

"Let's see, I was reading somewhere an article by some one who said tomatoes caused spinal meningitis." Mr. Pendleton pushed away the dish his wife had placed before him, distastefully.

"Who wrote the article?" queried his wife, patiently.

"Oh, it was authoritative, all right—some doctor wrote it," responded her husband. The look on his face indicated that he was through eating tomatoes for the rest of his life, no matter how many he had previously devoured with immunity.

"Try some of this nice hamburger steak," said Mrs. Pendleton, calmly. She was not a woman to lose her temper simply because one thing on her table was criticised.

"Heavens, Mary!" exclaimed Mr. Pendleton. "Certainly you don't expect me to eat hamburger steak, or sausage, or things like that!"

"Why not, John? We have sometimes had such things; frequently, in fact."

"Yes," returned the horrified master of the house, "but never again. I have been reading 'The Bungle.'"

"I had forgotten all about that," said Mrs. Pendleton, sweetly. "Well, dear, at least you can eat some of those nice strawberries and cream?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Mr. Pendleton, helplessly. "I was reading somewhere that strawberries caused insanity and that not one cow out of fifty gives healthful milk."

Mrs. Pendleton looked thoughtful. "Oh, I know, John, we will have some of that nice Wheata Eata, the new breakfast food. It will go well with our coffee."

"No, Mary, I'm afraid breakfast food will have to be tabooed hereafter. The latest authorities say it is really weakening on the nervous system and is not at all healthful. And, of course, you know that coffee is simply a rank poison."

"Then I'll have the girl make some Herbina. It is the new drink, designed to take the place of coffee."

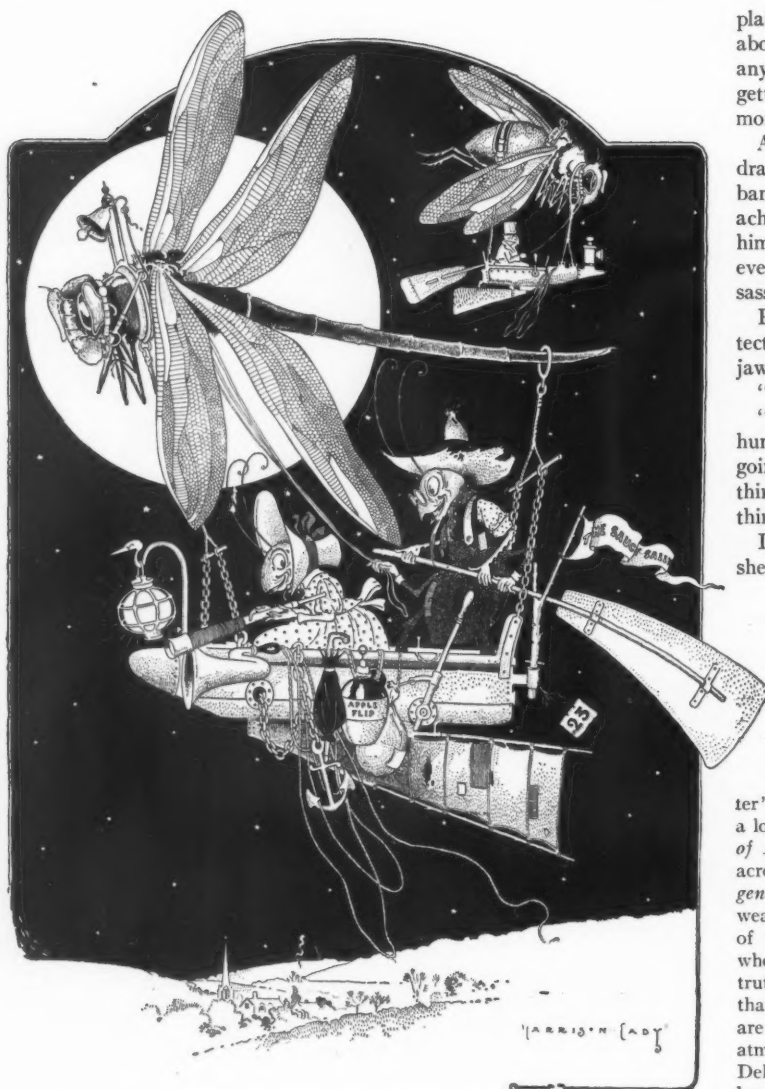


### WHY THEY MARRIED

SHE LOVED HIM, FOR HE WAS SO BRAVE;  
YES, IN THAT LINE QUITE PEERLESS.  
HE MARRIED THIS WIDOW WITH SEVEN KIDS—  
BY GOSH! WAS NOT THAT FEARLESS?

BERT HAD KNOWN GLADYS FROM CHILDHOOD,  
FROM THE DAY OF THE DOLL AND MUD-PIE;  
WHEN THE TIME CAME, OF COURSE THEY GOT MARRIED,  
AS ONE PUTS ON ONE'S COAT OR ONE'S TIE!





Silas Buzzy (the aeronaut): THEY CAN TALK ALL THEY WANT TO, HEPSY, ABOUT THE SUCCESS OF THESE NEW-FANGLED FLYING MACHINES, BUT WHEN YOU COME TO CONSIDER THAT THE PESKY THING CONSUMES THIRTY PUMPKIN SEEDS A MONTH IT'S NOT SO ALL-FIRED UP CHEAP, BY HECK!

"Oh, no, Mary, the substitutes for coffee have been denounced more vigorously than the coffee itself."

"Try some raw eggs, dear. They are easy on the stomach."

"Raw eggs!" cried Mr. Pendleton, excitedly. "Didn't you see where that writer in *McCure's* magazine said raw eggs were more indigestible than cooked ones!" Mr. Pendleton rose quietly from the table and went despairingly into the drawing-room, where he dove recklessly into a pile of magazines and papers.

The girl walked with wondering eyes about the table, yearning within her inmost heart to know why the dinner had not been touched. But she got no satisfaction from the

plaintive Mrs. Pendleton, who moved resignedly about the dining-room, mentally wondering if anything would ever happen to make the task of getting three meals a day easier, rather than more difficult.

After an hour or two she ventured into the drawing-room and looked fearfully at her husband. He looked so thin and pale that her heart ached for him. She longed to go over and tell him how sorry she was that "The Bungle" had ever been printed. It was nothing but an assassinator of appetite, anyway.

Presently Mr. Pendleton looked up. She detected a rather unusual firmness about his lower jaw, and noted a steely glitter in his eye.

"What's the matter, John?" she asked.

"Matter, Mary? Why, matter enough. I'm hungry; that's what's the matter. And I'm going to eat something, too. Not only something, but I'm going to eat the whole d—n thing if it kills me! Let's have dinner."

If Mrs. Pendleton had been at a ball game she would have given three cheers.

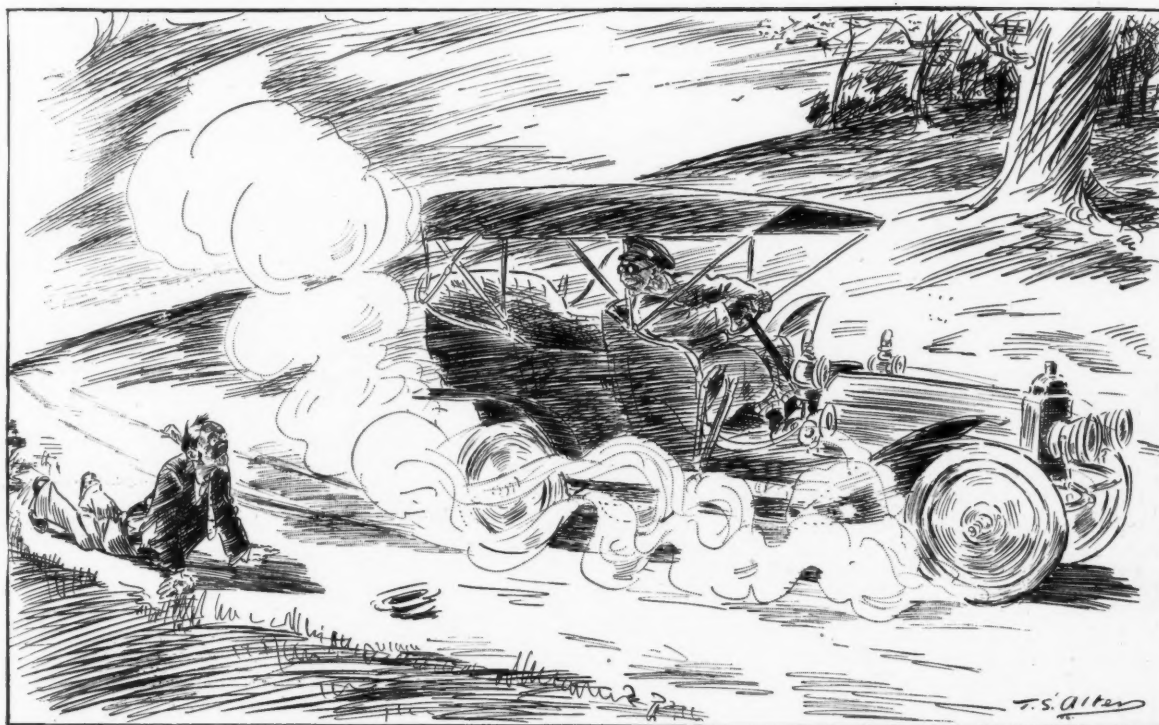
Robert C. McElravy.

## THE LATEST BOOKS

MARGARET DELAND, the delicate beauty of whose sketches of "Old Chester" has gained her an appreciative and, in a sense, a loving audience, has, in her novel, *The Awakening of Helena Ritchie*, stepped quietly but definitively across the line which separates the portrayal of local *genre* from the interpretation of human strength and weakness. The story of Helena Ritchie is a drama of deep emotional appeal, the simple manner of whose setting forth enhances the universality of its truth, and the fact that it is enacted in Old Chester, that our old friends Dr. Lavendar and Willie King are intimately concerned in its action and that its atmosphere is the same which has enveloped Mrs. Deland's earlier stories, prove how consistent has been the development and how confident is the employment of her art.

*The Spirit of the Pines*, a novelette by a new writer, Margaret Morse, suggests future possibilities to a watcher by the literary trails, but will hardly make a satisfying meal to the hunter by those same runways. Its theme, the romantic meeting, congenial fellowship and mutual renunciation of a man and a woman in the hills of New Hampshire, is pretty but inadequate; and while it is handled with grace and with a delicacy adapted to its frailty, and while this grace and adaptation constitute what is frequently called "subtlety," the story is more of an indication than a performance.

Anna Katharine Green's latest story, *The Woman in the Alcove*, is as good a guessing contest as has come from her unresting pen for some time. Like its predecessors, it is a plot *et prateria nihil*, a plot constructed with sole reference to the mechanics of mystery, assigned to a set of characters among whom one looks



Man in road: WH-A-A-T'D YOU SAY?  
Man in car: I SAID "EXCUSE ME"

in vain for a personality, and adorned with the lavish gilt and tinsel of a spurious elegance. Yet if resembling these predecessors in kind, it so far differs from some of them in degree that it arouses a more rational curiosity and satisfies it with an explanation less unrelated to the impulses of human action.

Arthur Stringer's novel, *The Wire Tappers*, is a story of adventurous crime, frankly extravagant in the ultra up-to-dateness of its methods and the rapidity of its action, and persuasively realistic in its touches of criminal psychology. It is, however, an attribute of literary, no less than of chemical, compounds that they may exhibit characteristics quite foreign to any of their single ingredients, and Mr. Stringer's combining of imaginative exploits with a study of their morally disintegrating influence has produced a story whose effect is quite unintentionally and quite inappropriately morbid.

In *The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight* the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* has reversed the order of the conventional Graustarkian romance, and, instead of the adventures of an English-speaking com-

moner among petty royalties, has sketched the experiences of a princess who, weary of etiquette and enamored of the simple life, runs away to England to lead it, equipped with a glowing enthusiasm and a royal ignorance. It is a story whose attractiveness lies wholly in the telling, in the author's half-serious, half-laughing descriptions and stage-whispered asides, and although her zest flags before the end, the volume is a bit of clever and amusing make-believe.

In a handsome volume entitled *Round About My Pekin Garden*, Mrs. Archibald Lee has collected a number of descriptive papers upon the palaces, gardens, scenery and sights in northern China after the occupation by the allied armies in 1898. These give the personal impressions of an interested observer and, though intrinsically taking but moderate rank among works upon Eastern travel, they offer many passages of incidental value to those interested in the Far East.

*The New Earth* is the title of a piece of enthusiastic journalism by W. S. Harwood containing a recital of the scientific and practical achievements in modern agriculture. Like the author's volume on the work

of Luther Burbank, it is composed of equal parts of statistics and superlatives, interviews and eloquence, and will incline seekers after knowledge to pray, like the man in the thunder-storm, "O Lord, more light and less noise!"

J. B. Kerfoot.

*The Awakening of Helena Ritchie*, by Margaret Deland. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

*The Spirit of the Pines*, by Margaret Morse. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.00.)

*The Woman in the Alcove*, by Anna Katharine Green. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

*The Wire Tappers*, by Arthur Stringer. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

*The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight*, by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*Round About My Pekin Garden*, by Mrs. Archibald Lee. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

*The New Earth*, by W. S. Harwood. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

**SMALL BOY:** Pa, what is an Optimist?

**PA:** An Optimist, my son, is a man who doesn't care a — what happens, so that it doesn't happen to him.



### PRIDE OF KENTUCKY

Just take a glass  
And mangle in't  
A young and tender  
Sprig o' mint,  
Some pineapple,  
A cherry red,  
And just a little,  
Twisted shred  
Of orange peel;  
Of ice about  
As much as you  
Would gather out  
In one fistful  
From where 'tis packed;  
Now fruit and mint  
And ice that's cracked  
Are in the glass;  
To help the cause  
Put in a couple  
Of long straws,  
And while the ice  
Stems up and melts,  
You've got to put in  
Something else—  
I—don't—know—what—  
That—is, do you?  
Or else I guess  
Perhaps you do;  
But put it in,  
Shake it a lot,  
Then taste and tell  
Us what you've got.

—Houston Post.

### A SPECIAL ADVANTAGE

"I don't suppose there will be much left of that corporation after it has been investigated," said the vindictive citizen.  
"You are mistaken," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Its business will merely pass under the authority of experts, who will place it upon a footing that must insure public confidence. That is another of the special advantages corporations enjoy."—*Washington Star.*

### NOTHING DOING

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "if you had twenty cherries and your little brother asked you for half of them how many would you have left?"  
"Twenty," replied Tommy promptly.—*Philadelphia Press.*

### A WESTERN SAINT

A Michigan millionaire died the other day leaving twenty-seven different wills. He will be canonized by the Michigan bar.—*Cleveland Leader.*

### A NAÏVE PRAYER

Just before the indecisive battle of Monmouth, in the Revolutionary War, a brigade chaplain in Washington's army is said to have offered up this unique prayer:

"O Lord of Hosts, lead forth Thy servants of the American army to battle and give them the victory; or, if this be not according to Thy sovereign will, then we pray Thee stand neutral and let flesh and blood decide the issue."—*Woman's Home Companion.*



### ISN'T IT THE TRUTH?

"Say, paw," queried little Tommy Toddles, "who are the city authorities?"  
"The city authorities, my son," replied Toddles, Sr., "are officials who claim to have no authority when the dear public wants something done."—*Chicago News.*

### IMPRESSIONISM

"By the way, Jack, what is impressionism?"  
"It is the art of picturing something which no one has ever seen in such a way that one wouldn't recognize it if he did see it."—*Answers.*

### EXPERT ADVICE

Many years ago the late Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, was present at a public dinner, at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and when, at a late hour, he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report.

He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with, "That is not what I said." There was a pause, and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition:

"Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: Never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

### "I DREAMED I WAS A KING"

Two darkies lay sprawled on the Luneta on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said: "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hund'ed watermellions."

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum ya-h! Dat would suttenly be fine. An' ef yo' had a hund'ed watermellions would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermellions."

"Would yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me yous powahful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggah, arg yo' so good-fer-nuffin lazy dat yo' caihn't wish fo' yo' own watermellions?"—*Manila Sun.*

Nor Irish, but delightful, is the story of the automobilist who, in making a cross-country tour in Dakota, had the misfortune to have his machine break down. He saw a small house not far off and cut across to it. The only man about the place was a Swede, who was much amused by the sight of the strange rig the automobilist wore. "My friend," said the automobilist, "my machine has had a bad break and I would like to know if you have such a thing as a monkey-wrench about here?" The Swede looked at the automobilist with greater curiosity than ever, and then laughed. He had met some strange folks and heard some odd things since he had come to America, but this was the worst! "Monkey-wrench?" he asked, sarcastically. "I got sheep ranch and my cousin Ole he got cow ranch, and Meester Ferguson he ban have wan pig ranch, but I tank annywan start monkey ranch in Nord Dakota ban wan fool!"—*Success.*

"You are quite right. She has her defects, she is vain, full of pretensions and grand ideas, with a very difficult character. But what will you? I adore her and feel that I absolutely cannot live without her."

"But that is not the question. Can you live with her?"—*Gallo Caricaturista.*

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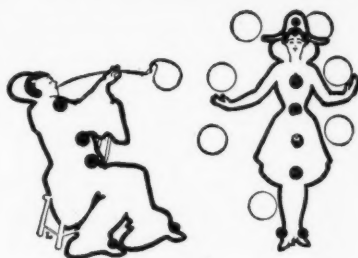
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The International Journal of Surgery, August, 1905, under the heading "CYSTITIS" says: "In the treatment of Cystitis water is the great aid to all forms of BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is the ideal medication. Moreover, BUFFALO LITHIA WATER form in which to administer it to the cystitic patient, as it is not only a pure solvent, but has the additional virtue of containing substantial quantities of the alkaline Lithates. Patients should be encouraged to take from two to four quarts per day if they can, and the relief they will obtain will be all the argument necessary after the first day or so.

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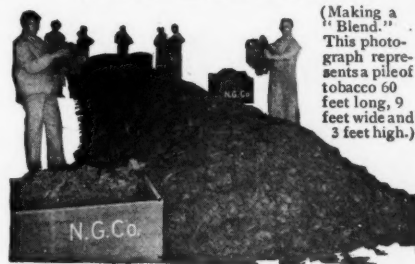
Dr. Geo. Ben. Johnston, M. D., LL. D., Richmond, Va., Ex-President Southern Surgical and Gynecological Assn., Ex-President Virginia Medical Society, and Prof. of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia: "If I were asked what mineral water has the widest range of usefulness, I would unhesitatingly answer, BUFFALO LITHIA WATER. In Uric Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Lithaemia, and the like, its action is prompt and lasting. \* \* \* Almost any case of Pyelitis and Cystitis will be alleviated by it, and many cured. I have had evidence of the undoubted Disintegrating, Solvent and Eliminating power of this water in Renal Calculus, and have known its long continued use to permanently break up the gravel forming habit."

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"Queens," 22 " " " 20s, 80c.; 100s, 4.00

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### CORROBORATION

Each man around the store had told his tale of the "hardest rain he ever saw fall out of the sky." Tom Limkins was an easy winner with his of the great harvest rain in '93.

"It began with big drops kinder scatterin'-like," he said. "Then it got to a shower, and I just thought I'd crawl under the canvas on the reaper till it was over—knowed the team would stand. But, sir, when the lightning took to hittin' right at that binder I concluded to get out from there. I had a gallon-and-a-half bucket on my arm and I lit out for the mule-shed. When I was about half-way there the thing begun to get heavy. I looked down, and if the blamed thing wasn't full of water I'm a"—

The lank individual who had been leaning against a barrel broke in:

"Well, now, I reckon that must 'a' been the day I am thinkin' about. What made me know it was rainin' some was secin' a flock o' wild ducks go over. Gents, them ducks had folded their wings and was just naturally paddlin'."

For the space of two minutes not a sound was heard save the purring of the cat asleep on the counter; then silently, with bowed heads, the crowd dispersed.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

### RECIPROCITY

One day a learned professor was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack: "Shine your shoes, sir?"

The professor was impressed by the filthiness of the boy's face.

"I don't want a shine, my lad," said he, "but if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you a sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply, as he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hand for the money.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your sixpence. Here it is."

"I dinna want it, auld chap," returned the boy, with a lordly air. "Ye keep it and get yer hair cut."—*Cleveland News*.

HEALTH AND REST: NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

### ENDLESS

TOMMY (aged four): Say, mamma, can God make anything he wants to?

MAMMA: Certainly, dear.

"Well, I wish he'd make me a stick of candy with only one end to it."—*Chicago News*.

### THE FIRST THING

"What is the first thing to learn about running a motor car?" asked the curious friend.

"Economy in everything else," answered the man who is always getting into trouble.—*Washington Star*.

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

### YACHT OF POPULAR BUILD

MISS LAKEWOOD: What a lovely new yacht Mr. McSosh has! Is it a centerboard boat?

MISS CLEVELAND: No—no. From what they tell me, I think it's a sideboard boat.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"I WANT half a pound of water crackers," said Mrs. Newcome. "All-fired sorry, ma'am," replied the country storekeeper, "but I ain't got but two dozen of 'em in the place."

"Well, I'll take them."

"Jest wait ten or twenty minutes. H. Peters an' Josh Slocum has been usin' 'em fur checkers an' they're playin' the decidin' game now."—*From Major Mulford's bill of fare*.

### Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

"THEN, Maurizio, to-morrow I will come with my wife to see you both."

"Delighted. But look here, tell your wife not to wear her new diamond earrings, or my wife will at once want a pair!"

"Oh, the devil! And my wife was only coming for the purpose of showing them off."—*Il Diavolo Rosa*.

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TO

## Thursday, August 30th

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THE SARATOGA SPECIAL	Saturday, August 11
THE GRAND UNION HOTEL	Wednesday, August 15
THE GREAT REPUBLIC	Saturday, August 18
THE SARATOGA DERBY	Thursday, August 23
THE UNITED STATES HOTEL STAKES	Saturday, August 25
THE ADIRONDACK	Wednesday, August 29

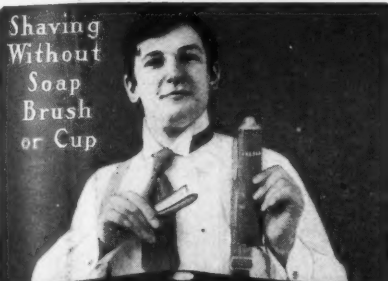
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Fifteen minutes after cold water is put into the percolator and heat applied, you have a steaming cup of coffee. Free from the bitter taste, for it has not been boiled. Rich in strength and aroma, for they have not been lost in steam.

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Made of Aluminum and "Elite" enamel ware. Different styles and sizes.

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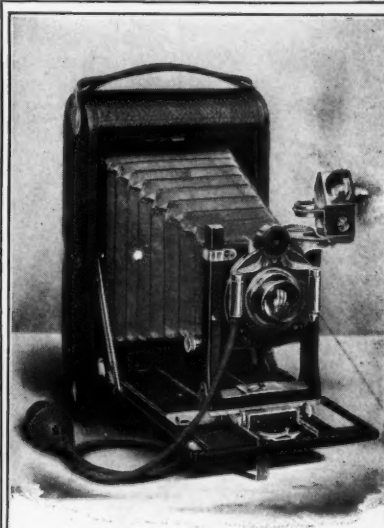
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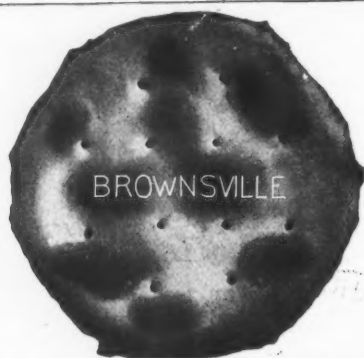
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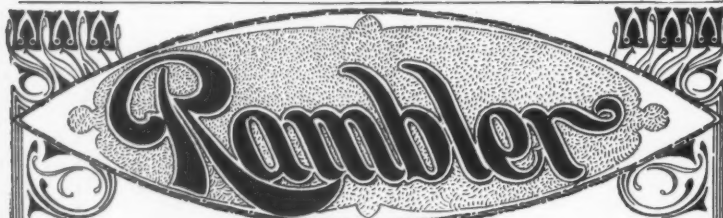
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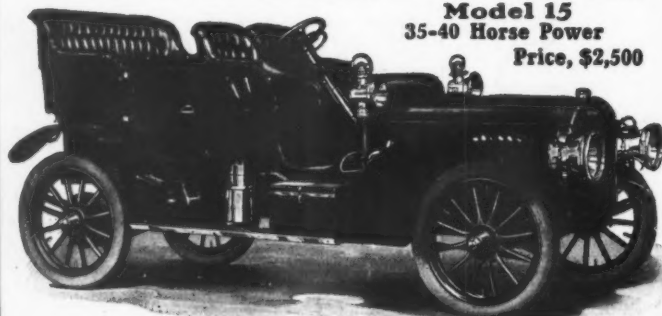
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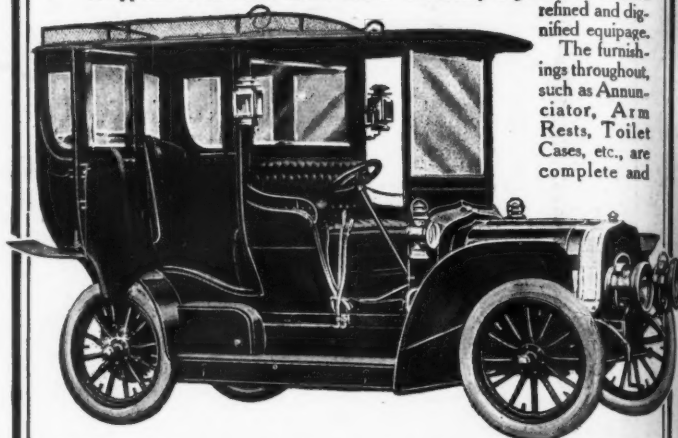
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